

# THE TRIBUNE.

From the Louisville Journal.

**CLAY AND FREILINGHUYSEN.**

What shrump tones upon the air,  
What fine exulting shouts are these;  
Whence come the songs of joy we hear,  
Thus borne on every passing breeze?  
What but a nation's mighty voice,  
Hailing the act a good and wise one,  
That links with CLAY's (our first, high choice),  
The honored name of FREILINGHUYSEN!

God's blessing on those honest men!

They were a nation's fitting voice;  
And nobly did their calling, when  
Of such as these their choice?

In the high catalogues of fame,

Their names are most to us;  
For such are none nobly famous,  
Than HENRY CLAY and FREILINGHUYSEN.

Swift as the bold, hearty tones of morn,  
That rend the darkly curtain'd night,  
The tidings fair by zealous borne,

Hailed to our skies with glorious light:  
From North to South, from hill to sea,  
The wild exulting shout still flew on,

Tell that—thy frenzied heart is best!

The name of CLAY and FREILINGHUYSEN!

The away of tyranny and wrong;

Hath never'd each heart with purpose high;

The clouds of black misrule, ten long

Have darkened over our country's sky,

While one bright ray, nay, but some

Took briefy on the dark horizon,

Where soon shall mount the glorious sun  
Of HENRY CLAY and FREILINGHUYSEN! C.

(From the Boston Courier.)

**Letter from New-York.**

I am often asked, "How can you live contentedly in New-York? You are so deeply enamored of nature, and love all forms of beauty, with such passionate intuition?" The answer is in the question; for an earnest love of beauty always feeds itself. You know it is told of a rustic poet, in the ancient time, that his envious master shut him up in a chest; but the bees came to him, and fed him with the meal and dew of flowers, so than within the walls of his narrow prison he passed a pleasant time. Nature never forgets the soul that loves her, but ever sends winged missionaries, to feed it with the dew of flowers.

Instead of quarreling with New-York for what it is not, I highly accept it for what it is; a beautiful city, every year increasing in beauty. Between the North and East river, twelve noble avenues already stretch out their long arms into the woods of Harlem and Bloomingdale. These avenues are spacious and airy, and large handsome houses shoot up on them, as if by the magic of Aladdin's lamp. It refreshes the eye to see an increasing taste for stone or lead color, rather than the hateful red of bricks. Verandas are likewise more and more in fashion, and have an exceedingly pleasant effect, with their light oriental open-work, like Valencia lace in cast iron. If you pass along one of these avenues, in the cool hours of the afternoon, you may see troops and troops of children, jumping rope, and chasing hoop round the fountain of Union Park; and if the sun is setting brilliant, rainbows dodge about the spray, as if playing bo-peep with the happy little ones.

Another of the avenues, dwells a lady whom my heart blesses every time I pass her house. She has emboved it with vines almost to the chimney-top; flowers peer through the open fence; and from the arches of the piazza, she has suspended vases of Oliphant geraniums, and other pennant vines. A person who dwells thus smiles upon the world is a benefactor of the human race, and I feel grateful, as I do to one who wears a sunny face, and speaks in cheerful tones.

Among the many attractions of this handsome city, there are none so universally enjoyed as those furnished by Croton water. We not only have the three large fountains to refresh us with their graceful motions and cooling sound, but in various gardens and inclosures, public and private, little marble nymphs, tritons and dolphins are playing prettily with finely-spun showers. I have often thought whether or not the clepsydra of the ancient Greeks could be introduced, in which minutes were measured by falling water-drops, as by sand in the modern hour-glass. If the public could count time by these liquid diamonds, it would be a graceful invention. One thing the people really need; and magnificent Croton could give it as well as not. We have no free public baths. The wealthy can introduce water into their chambers, or float on the bosom of the tide in the pleasant baths at the Battery; but for the innumerable poor, this is a luxury that can seldom, if ever, be enjoyed. Often bathing around the wharves is of course prohibited; and the laboring man has to walk three or four miles to obtain a privilege so necessary to health. If the city would provide a huge covered basin, with a sparkling fountain in the centre for a shower-bath, it would be a noble donation to the poor.—True, the water-tax already falls heavily on the rich; but this would not greatly increase it.—Luckily, our wealthy citizens did not foresee the expense of introducing Croton, or they would probably have been frightened from the undertaking. The highest estimate was four millions, and it has cost over fourteen millions. Voted for by thousands who have no property, and paid for by a tax on property, it is a pretty powerful application of practical Democracy; but the blessings are so great to all classes that there is very little murmuring among the capitalists. To me there is something extremely beautiful in the idea of that little river, her great powers thus amplyed among the hills, her great powers as little appreciated as Shakespeare's are by his contemporaries, and like him, all unconscious of his future fame, and now, like his genius, brought to all the people, a perpetual fountain of refreshment. If ever man deserved a monument, it is he who first devised the plan of bringing Croton River into the city. His statue ought to be crowned with water lilies by Hygieia, and its feet be washed by the Naiads from their flowing urns. But it so happens that his name is as uncertain as the birthplace of Homer. No matter. If his soul is as large as his deed, he will care little for the credit of it.

The pretense of the small fountains about the city is at the Alhambra. This is a place of refreshment, in Broadway, gaily fitted up in the Moorish style, with lace-work lattices, gilded crests, alcoves painted with hills and streams, and a tasteful collection of small statuary, among shrubs and vines. Under a canopy in the centre, Hebe pours water from her vase, into an open-work basket of gilded wire. A hollow gilded ball in the basket is kept in perpetual motion by the column of water, as if tossed by a Chinese jester. The effect is very pleasing. A band of musicians play at the Alhambra every summer evening. They must be difficult to please who are not satisfied to eat delicious ice-cream with so many agreeable accompaniments of sight and sound.

Numerous public gardens, with alcoves for refreshment, are among the pleasant features which New-York has copied from foreign cities. At Castle Garden the admirable brass band plays every evening. It has splendid exhibitions of fire-works and rope-dancers; but to me its chief attractions are the fine music, and its beautiful situation on the Battery, overhanging the bay, and commanding a view of the neighbouring islands. It is pleasant to sit there and listen.—

The check against the sound, and soon passed away." However sultry the day may be, there is always a refreshing breeze on the Battery, in the evening. Indeed this remark is true of the city in general, and is doubtless one great reason why there is so little sickness among such a dense population. The natural healthiness of New-York cannot be destroyed by the most negligent Police. Thus the vigorous constitution of youth will throw off a great deal of disease; and the United States, strong in her extent of soil and unbound resources, has remained prosperous under an amount of corrupt government which in half the time would have ruined the richest nation of Europe.

At Niblo's Garden, too, the fire-works are gorgeous, and the rope-dancing unsurpassed; and its

theatrical representations always above mediocrit-

ity. But I like it only for its excellent music,

and its fairyland garden, with brilliant lights,

and fountains, and golden shrubbery.

Vauxhall makes less pretensions, but is to me

a very pleasant resort. I like it because it is less

artificial and showy than Niblo's. It has more

over some noble old trees, which rustle right

in the evening breeze. Colored lamps,

strung in stars and circles, light up the shrubs

with a fairy glimmer, and melody comes

down from a band of musicians among the bushes.

I love to sit on one of the rustic benches, and

gaze up into the foliage of the tall trees, like the

domes of a dimly lighted cathedral.

"It is a lovely scene, is it not?"

"Yes, it is a lovely scene. And kind and great

is all the enjoyment which it imparts."

"Love of things lasting, love of the tall woods,

Love of the quiet, restful scenes of life."

"I am a good, quiet, decent man."

"Without grand, sumptuous, and haughty."

"Without grand,